

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, September 23, 1913.

Greece is again preparing for war. Alas the poor Turk.

It may be those English golfers are proficient at croquet.

The bankers of Illinois have gone on record as opposed to the currency bill. The people, however, want it and will get it.

We have it on Senator La Follette's authority that the trusts can never be subdued by oratory. But still he keeps on talking.

We sure are in the electric age. It is estimated that nearly 70 per cent of the people in the United States now use electricity in some form every day, if only for telephoning or ringing door bells.

An automobile manufacturer predicts the coming of machines that can travel 200 miles an hour. It is not the coming of them so much as the going of them that will interest the people on the ground.

The appointment of Harry M. Pindell, editor of the Peoria Journal, to the Russian ministry is an honor worthily bestowed. Mr. Pindell will ably and graciously represent the government of the United States at the czar's court.

A mother in Cedar Rapids was informed by a note from a teacher that her son should be treated for astigmatism. The faithful mother wrote a note back that she had given Johnny a sound thrashing and hoped he would not do it again.

Evidence has been discovered that Shakespeare was a tax dodger. Further search probably will reveal that he frequently scribbled over the boulevards without tail lights and with muffler cut out and violated every ordinance and rule of public safety.

THE WEST END ROOM.

The evidence of new life in the west section of the city, following the adoption of the numerous projects that promise so much, not only for the directly interested district west of Seventeenth street, but for the newly annexed territory, are gratifying to the people of Rock Island as a whole. The plans for two substantial new business and flat buildings, each to contain a theatre, one on Eleventh street and Twelfth avenue and the other at Ninth street and Seventh avenue, may be traceable to two causes: the permanent improvement of streets in that part of the city and the promise of other advantages guaranteed in the success of the propositions adopted by the people in the special election.

Thus it is shown that development and general betterment follow public improvements, and if the people in the west end will take an inventory of their property values a year hence they will find an enhancement that will make them sit up and take notice.

THE SCARCITY OF CATTLE.

At a meeting of meat packers in Chicago last week the growing scarcity of cattle in this country was deplored and methods proposed to educate farmers to raise more cattle.

This move on the part of the meat packers is a good one, and it is to be hoped it will succeed in increasing the supply of animals to meet the demand.

But it cannot be claimed by the meat packers that the decreasing supply of cattle is the main cause of the high prices asked for meat. The prices paid cattle raisers in Chicago and in other markets do not justify the existing high cost of meat to the consumers.

Besides, the packers did not show that the supply of cattle does not meet the demand for home consumption. As a lady who read the report of the packers' convention remarked to the writer: "If the supply of cattle is as inadequate as the packers claim, why is so much of the product of the product of the cattle they slaughter placed in cold storage and exported to other countries?"

This is a proper and important question. Why should cattle and other meat products be exported if the supply is not sufficient to meet the home demand?

Various reasons are advanced for the high cost of meat, but few contend that it is because of the lack of supply. The supply may not meet the demands of the packers, but it will meet the demands of the consumers, and certainly exceeds the demands of consumers at present prices. There must be other reasons than scarcity of

cattle for the high prices asked for meat. What these reasons are the packers might be able to explain if they would try.
The scarcity of cattle looks like an excuse, not a reason.

THE CITY'S BAD EXAMPLE.

The stand taken by the municipal commission since the inauguration of the present system of new paving and repaving throughout Rock Island, that only under circumstances of dire emergency may the improved streets be disturbed, has been everywhere commended and upheld. Property holders all over the city who have paid cheerfully for pavement only to see it indiscriminately torn up by contractors for underground work or connections and never properly repaired, realize to their sorrow the error of past policies in this respect.

Some of the principal thoroughfares of the city have in recent years been practically destroyed by such carelessness and indifference, and pavement that under ordinary circumstances and proper care would last for years, has become so honeycombed as to require entire overhauling, and in many instances relaying, because the gas man, the waterworks man, the plumber or someone else had been allowed to dig into the street.

It was consideration of all these facts that prompted Commissioner R. R. Reynolds in his positive refusal to allow the promoter of the automatic telephone system to cut up the streets. Tunnel, was Commissioner Reynolds' demand, and while the edict was attended by a great hue and cry and all sorts of nonsensical threats on the part of the promoter, Mr. Reynolds stood pat and was perfectly right in doing so. In this attitude Mr. Reynolds has had the backing and support of Mayor Schriver and the other members of the municipal council, and it is on this account that no little indignation has arisen because any department of the city government, which has properly refused private interests the privilege of disturbing new pavement, should have torn up a portion of the asphalt pavement at Fourth avenue and Twentieth street, to make belated improvements in water valves that should have been attended to before the pavement was put in.

The city by this act of contributory negligence on the one hand and rank inconsistency on the other has made it the more difficult to enforce systematically its own rule against allowing the new streets to be destroyed under any circumstances. People who have pride in the city, and not without reason, that the pavement that has been disturbed will not be speedily repaired, and as cause for their fear they point to evidences all over the city where the streets have been torn up, as cited heretofore, and as a more recent evidence the effects of work done by the waterworks department at Fourteenth-and-a-half where after the street was paved with asphalt, the waterworks department found underground work necessary and the surface has not yet been put back in the condition that it should be.

Let the practice of tearing up the streets be again started, and all the improvements that have been made in the past two years will soon go to naught.

A PLAIN PRESIDENT.

The democratic ways, or if you prefer it, the true Americanism, of President Wilson is both admirable and commendable. He is the most inveterate theatre-goer of our presidents. His range for theatricals is large, too, embracing vaudeville and moving pictures, as well as the more legitimate drama.

Theatre managers in Washington like to have the president visit their theatres and it has been the custom for the occupant of the White house to give notice of his visit. Mr. Wilson has shattered this precedent. He goes with the crowd unannounced and like the ordinary citizen he takes his chance of securing a "good" seat.

Instead of occupying the "president's box" he prefers a seat in the audience and even goes in "peanut heaven." At vaudeville and picture shows he selects a seat with the general audience. At golf he usually plays with a friend but is not averse to becoming part of a foursome with members of the club whom he does not know. It will be recalled that at the baseball games the president has refused to use the presidential box and has sat with the fans in the ordinary seats.

He is greatly interested in the game and "roots" for the home team but never fails to applaud a good play made by a visiting player. He is a former football player and continues his interest in that strenuous sport. Unlike any president of recent times he walks the streets of Washington accompanied only by a secret service man.

President Wilson's plainness will become emulative. It is high time. Official life at the nation's capital has been too plainly patterned after European centers.

FOREST NOTES

The railroads of the United States use about 150,000,000 wooden ties each year.

Cadillac, Mich., is reported to be the foremost city in the country for varied and close utilization of forest products.

More than one-fourth of all the sheep in the 11 states nearest the Pacific coast are grazed on the national forests.

The national forests contain water powers with an aggregate estimated capacity of 12,000,000 horsepower.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 27.—It is a sharp cry of warning which Warren Worth Bailey, the fighting progressive democrat from Johnstown, Pa., utters for the benefit of his democratic colleagues in congress.

Mr. Bailey sees the incognitiveness of the tariff conferees strained in an effort to provide a bill which will raise sufficient revenue to run the government, and apparently the revenue which is being sought is as large as the revenue of the past.

Mr. Bailey wonders why this is so. He was one who helped frame the democratic platform at Baltimore, and that platform denounced the republicans for extravagance and pledged the democrats to economy, a plank which Mr. Bailey takes seriously. Why then is it necessary to raise rates in the tariff bill to provide revenue as large as has been available in the past? The Pennsylvania congressman believes it would be a good thing if the new tariff bill should be drawn not to raise so much revenue as the government has been spending.

"I am sincerely of the belief that it is of the first importance that the democrats should cut the federal revenues to the bone," he says. "They have made the country believe that regarding what they have said about republican extravagance, and the country is going to hold them to a strict account of their stewardship. If they prove as wanton, as reckless, as extravagant, as wasteful, as the republicans were charged with having been, then so much the worse for the democrats. They will find it no easy task to convince the country that another change is not desirable."

"First of all I would lay the axe at available for use under permit from the secretary of agriculture."

Much of the piling, wharf material and lock gates of the Panama canal are made of greenheart, said to be the most durable wood known for these purposes, which comes mainly from British Guiana.

The western forestry and conservation association will hold its annual conference about Dec. 15. This year it will meet at Vancouver, B. C., and will give its main consideration to the problem of forests fire prevention and control.

EDITOR PINDELL, ENVOY, IN CALL ON PRESIDENT

Washington, D. C., Sept. 25.—A. M. Pindell, the Peoria publisher, whose nomination for ambassador to Russia will go to the senate this week, arrived in Washington yesterday to confer with the president and Secretary of State Bryan.

Accompanying Mr. Pindell was Joseph P. Durkin of Peoria, whom the new ambassador endorsed for collector of internal revenue of the Fifth district of Illinois. Durkin is here to make a fight for the place. He will be assisted not only by ambassador Pindell, but also by Roger Sullivan, who is due to arrive in Washington today.

Referring to the charges that he has not supported democratic candi-

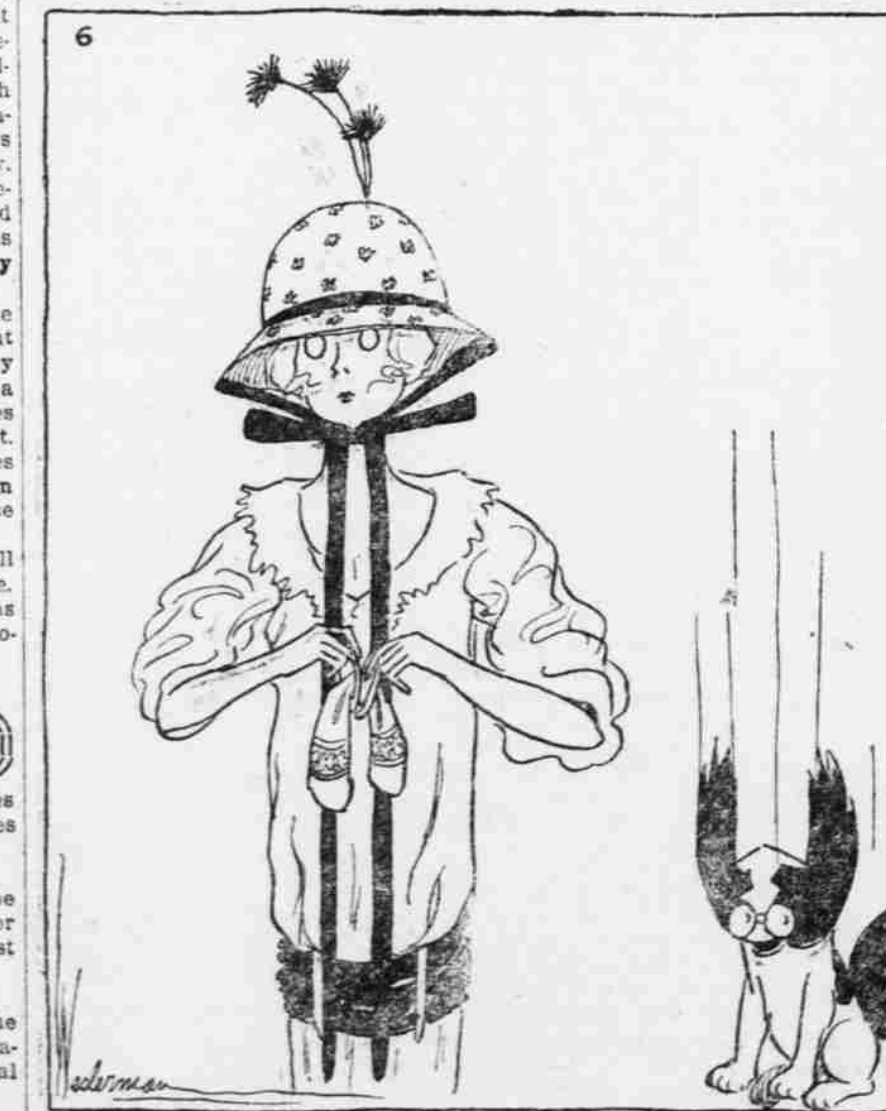
dates in the past and that he is not supporting the democratic candidate in the fifth judicial district, now, Mr. Pindell said:

"I am guilty."

He declared that in his whole career as an editor he has never been a partisan in judicial elections. He always supported the man he thought best qualified for the place. Today his paper is supporting a republican for supreme court justice, a democrat for circuit court judge, and a progressive for probate judge of Peoria county. Under no conditions will Pindell get into line for the two democratic candidates he is fighting.

A Record in Fletcherizing. If they learn the art of chewing even people whose food expense is only threepence a day can make their meals last a long time. A chewer, according to dietetic experts, is one who chews all things so long as they have any taste left in them. Gladstone, we are told, used to take thirty-two bites to every mouthful of food. The modern school of chewers would regard this as dangerously rapid eating. "I have tried chewing conscientiously," writes Mr. Enstace Miles. "A banana has cost 800 bites, a small mouthful of bread and cheese 240 bites, a greedy mouthful of biscuit (while I was walking on a Yorkshire moor) over 1,000 bites. It still seemed to taste about as much as at first, but I knew that taste by then, so I swallowed."—London Chronicle.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We asked the young lady across the way if she saw anything in the theory of collectivism and she said some of the girls saved all their old dance programs and such things, but for her part she didn't see much use in it.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

The WINNER TO THE WORLD



You may laugh at my plans, you may say I'm a fool to expect to succeed; You may try to heap things in my way, You may answer me "No" when I plead; You may plot to destroy me and meet My every advance with a frown, You may spread out your snares for my feet, But you can't keep me down!

You may question my right to aspire, You may rail at my wish to mount high; You may hold back the aid I require, My worth you may grudgingly deny; You may try to entice me away From the path that leads up to renown, You may scourge me and scoff and betray, But you can't keep me down!

You may bring all your cunning to bear, For the purpose of breaking my will; You may load me with fetters to wear, You may rail at my strength and my skill, You may rob me of love and of trust, You may call me knave, coward or clown, You may press my face into the dust, But you can't keep me down!

Why She Was Despicable.

"Mrs. Dillbore doesn't know anything. You know she is a graduate of Vassar and is one of the leading spirits in the Woman's club."

"Well, she's so stuck-up. She wants to put on so, without any reason for it."

"Do you think she's that kind? I'm surprised. The last time I called on her she told me that one of her rugs which I supposed was a very costly one was nothing but an imitation and that they had only paid \$17 for it."

"It isn't in that way so much. Of course anybody can see that most of the things in her house are cheap and shoddy, but she's such a namby pamby, selfish creature."

"Why, really, you surprise me. I had supposed she was anything but that. You know she works regularly in one of the settlements, and it would make you happy to see her there fondling those poor little ragged children the way she does and acting as if they were just as dear to her as her own are."

"Gracious! I didn't suppose she would even touch another woman's child. She won't let her play with mine!"

REALLY A WONDER.

"Yes, Mr. Binkson is one of the most wonderful men I ever knew. He is really a genius."

"I didn't know he had ever written anything."

"Oh, he hasn't, but he can take a railroad time table and tell just when a train will start, where it is going and when it will get there."

MERELY OPINION.

No man ever got down on his knees and prayed for a blessing in disguise.

If the women who want to reform things were always pretty, things would soon be reformed.

Early to bed and early to rise may not make a man healthy, wealthy or wise, but it is pretty sure to keep him out of bad company.

The world doesn't like a man who sulks in his tent, neither does it approve of the one who sulks in public. The popular way is not to sulks.

They Never Learn.

He led her down through the green pasture. The sky was aglow in the west. His heart with new gladness was bounding. An arrow had entered her breast.

They sat on a log that was mossy. With their backs to the ram on the hill. He arrived and was busy a moment. The nurses are tending them still.

And eighty-nine years in the future. Feed lovers will blissfully fare away to the pastures, and deacons Will still have old rams bedding there.

The Daily Story

DR. BURLISON ARRIVES—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Dr. Allen came into the living room, drawing on his driving gloves. He was an elderly man, hard driven by an extensive country practice, which he was about to share with an assistant from the city.

"I am called over to Ridgewood, Molly," he said to his plump little wife. "There's to be a consultation on the Travers case. Brown has telephoned for me. I may not return until late this evening."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Allen. "That is awkward—just when you are expecting Dr. Burlison. But he may not come today."

"I'm expecting a telegram any moment. He said he would wire just before he left. You have a room for him, dear?"

"Oh, yes, the chimney room. It's so cozy on these October evenings."

Della Allen looked up from her sewing with a mischievous smile crinkling her lips.

"Mother is spoiling him, dad, dear. She has hung new curtains in the chimney room, and she has picked out all the prettiest worked slippers and necktie holders and shaving paper

beds to conduct the doctor to his room. Alone, the two women stared at each other.

"Mother, he will never do!" whispered Della.

"He is impossible," said Mrs. Allen with flashing eyes.

Della drove Dandy around to the barn and then returned to the house to find black Peter in earnest conversation with her mother. The old servant was rubbing his woolly head in perplexity.

"Sho, Miss Molly, he am de contraptedest I ever seen," grumbled Peter. "See he, 'Bring me ice water, boy, an' I dey a drink in de house or am dis a temp'rance hotel?' an' when I tells him it ain't a saloon he asks, 'What kinda ranch am dis anyway?'"

Mrs. Allen's face was pale and red by turns.

"Is there anything else that Dr. Burlison wishes?" she asked.

"Yas'm, Miss Molly. See he, 'Take all dese yere dingleclats outa dis yere room,' an', yas'm, he flang all dese tings at my head." Peter brought his hand from behind his back and displayed an orange colored shaving ball, a bedboned necktie holder, a fancy pincushion and a pair of worsted slippers.

"The man is intoxicated," said Della from the doorway, and just then Dr. Burlison's heavy step was heard in the hall. In a moment he appeared, looking at his watch.

"It's after 4, and I had a light lunch," he said briskly. "Just have cook fix up a steak for me. Some onions with it would go well. And a piece of apple pie, the kind mother used to make, eh? I'll go out to the stables and take a look at the horse."

He nodded toward them, clapped his green hat on his head and left the house, sauntering slowly toward the barn.

Peter followed him, grumbling.

Mrs. Allen looked at Della and was about to speak when there came a ring at the doorbell.

Della answered it, looking singularly handsome, for her cheeks were flushed with anger and her eyes shining like stars.

On the doorstep stood a tall, slightly built young man, with eyeglasses astride his handsome nose. He was immaculately attired, and beside him on the porch were a leather suit case and a traveling bag.

"Dr. Allen?" he inquired, baring his head.

"I am sorry, but my father is away. He may not return until late this evening," returned Della. "Is there anything?"

"I am Dr. Burlison," explained the newcomer calmly.

"Dr. Burlison?" shrieked Della. "Why—why, pardon me, but we have been entertaining Dr. Burlison. Oh, there must be some mistake. Do come in and see mother."

So Della hustled the astonished young man into the living room and introduced him to her mother.

"I knew there was some awful mistake," said Mrs. Allen quietly as she shook hands with him.

The new Dr. Burlison displayed a letter from Dr. Allen, which fully identified him as the new assistant. Still, there was the man at the barn whom Peter reported as making a careful examination of Dandy and who was behaving in a very rude manner.

"Suppose I go out and interview this gentleman," suggested Dr. Burlison.

When Dr. Burlison returned from the barn it was with a smiling request for the first Dr. Burlison's baggage.

"He asks me to apologize for a mistake," said the young doctor.

"Now, do tell us all about it," said Mrs. Allen after the new assistant had returned for the second time, having escorted Dr. Burlison to the top of the hill and directed him to his proper destination.

Dr. Burlison laughed pleasantly. "It appears that your visitor has a right to his professional title, but he happens to be a veterinary surgeon. He was called here to treat an animal belonging to Hosea Allen, proprietor of some big boarding house. Perhaps you know of the place?"

"Oh, yes—over near the bay," responded Mrs. Allen.

"He had never been here before and was surprised to find the boarding house conducted on such a small scale. It seems he wired Hosea Allen to have a room reserved for him, and at the station I believed he asked if there was a conveyance for Allen's, and they evidently pointed out your daughter."

"But your telegram?"

"My telegram? Oh, I never sent any, after all."

So the new assistant had a very informal introduction into his wife's family. Oh, yes, he fell in love with Della and married her, much to the delight of Dr. Allen and his wife. And Mrs. Allen often shudders and says: "Just suppose the other Dr. Burlison had been the right one, Della!"

But Della only laughs and answers: "Then you couldn't indulge in dingleclats, mother, dear!"

Sept. 29 in American History.

1790—The board of officers appointed by General Washington to try Major Andre found him guilty of being a British spy and "ought to suffer death."

1867—Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, with two of his generals, Mejia and Miramon, shot at Queretaro by order of the republican government.

1910—Rebecca Harding Davis, novelist and writer, died; born 1820.

All the news all the time—The Argus.